

## SARGE PLUNKETT.

## The Granite of DeKalb Coming to the Front.

Atlanta Constitution.

Thirty years ago a man by the name of James Wilson came into our country from Aberdeen, Scotland, and when he caught sight of the granite along the Georgia railroad he said, "there I stop—this is the land!"

This Scotchman was an expert in stone-cutting and knew the value that should be placed upon rich fields of granite. He settled down in Lithonia and cut out the first stone now so common on the streets of Atlanta and other cities. He is buried in the cemetery at Lithonia and his countrymen have decorated his resting place in a most suitable manner by the erection in granite of unique statues in the place where he sleeps.

Long before this man of Aberdeen died he saw a verification of his good judgment on the coming importance of this granite. In a few short years he had gathered about Lithonia a colony of Scotch people so numerous as to make one feel in strolling there that they were along the "banks and braes of bonny Doon," or listening to the murmur of "Afton's Sweet Waters."

Before Wilson's death experiment had been begun to find something to take the place of granite but he always told his friends to never mind, that they might go off for a while but that they would return to the use of granite, as nothing could take its place. This prediction has been fulfilled. For some time the world has been struggling to find something that would take the place of this granite, and so successful did the experiments seem at one time that the industry was dead and many people fled the region, and capital was withdrawn, but a return to granite has begun, the industry has taken on life again, capital and people are returning and DeKalb now gives promise of being speedily what she should be, the richest county in the world from natural resources.

One has but a small conception of this granite supply who confine their ideas to Stone Mountain and the region thereabout. Miles away from Stone Mountain to every point of the compass stretches great fields of granite and hills of granite only called "hills" because of the great Stone Mountain itself which overshadows everything of its kind and stand as one of the greatest wonders of the world. Away down on the line of Clayton from any vantage ground looking into DeKalb, miles upon miles of granite can be seen, sometimes stretching in flat acres like gray prairies, then rising in "hills" like grim sentinels keeping watch over a world that is passing, to tell the tale when all else has passed away.

Never touching the great mountain, enough granite could be had to build a Chinese wall around the world, and then seas of rock, if it be proper to call them seas, would remain unscarred by the hand of progress, only waiting to be turned into channels of usefulness and to things of beauty.

Along with the predictions of the man from Scotland, there is another story of a man and his faith that these mountains are to be scattered to the four winds, but it will be remembered that in Wilson we had the judgment of a clear, strong man of travel, an expert in rock work, in the other we have the delusion—if you so choose to call it—of an old man bent with age and smarting under what he took as a wrong which crept upon him in the garb of progress and opened the eyes of those whom he wished to ever keep in the stumbling path of darkness.

Long, long ago, before the hammer of the Scotchman was ever dreamed of and before these rocks had ever had a scar, this strange old man owned land and lived northeast of the Stone Mountain. He had raised a family here, as innocent as they were ignorant in their backwoods seclusion. The old man himself was rated an infidel, but his family were believers and members of a little log church which had been built very near the foot of the mountain, on the steep side. His family had long since departed of ever getting the old man to enter their little church, and nothing was thought of it when the old fellow upon every Sabbath morning filled his bow-bow with corn and salt and sauntered off to the forest to "gentle" his cattle and hogs. This had been his custom for years upon the Sabbath mornings, and he scoffed the idea of there being any good in churches or in preachers.

So matters stood when a man by the name of James Wilson came into our country from Aberdeen, Scotland, and when he caught sight of the granite along the Georgia railroad he said, "there I stop—this is the land!"

taking on the air of the fashionable people who congregated at the mountain. It was soon plain that the dissipation and extravagance so common at resorts of fashion was sure to enter and contaminate the simplicities upon which our old strange man so much doted. As for him, he never changed, save to grow sorrowful over a change he could not stem.

Upon a certain Sabbath morning the old man in returning from where he had been salting his cattle and "gentling" his hogs, chanced to pass near the little church at the foot of the mountain. He had no thought of entering the church, he had never entered. His pants were rolled up to his knees, for he had been wading the streams, barefooted and in his shirt sleeves with his bow-bow on his arm. He was never expected to meet the people at church, but suddenly our old man halted, he is listening to the loud old preacher and surely something has caught the attention of the old man. What does the preacher say? It must be something very remarkable, for our old friend wishes to catch the words and draws nearer the church, with his hand to his ear. What does the preacher say?

"By prayer, my brethren and sisters, we can do anything—even yonder mountain, brethren and sisters, could be moved by prayer and faith—faith, brethren, faith and prayer, would scatter that great mountain like chaff before the wind!"

Nothing on earth could have pleased this strange old man so much as to scatter this mountain. Scatter the fashionable people and move the hotel and the tower and never hear of Cloud again. He liked these words of the preacher—by prayer, by faith and he whispered them as he walked nearer to the church, even to the door, and then inside.

Such commotion was never seen in a country church before. His good old wife clapped her hands and ran to meet him, and his children shouted for joy as they all hung upon him, while the whole congregation shed tears and went wild over the scene. Such a "big meeting" as grew out of this incident was never seen before and many joined the church—the old man joined.

The story is too long to give all the details, but the old man became a praying member of that church and the burden of all his prayer was for the Lord to move this mountain. A storm came and blew away the hotel and shattered the tower, and Aaron Cloud returned to Griffin and from there went to Florida and has never been seen again. In time our strange old man moved up into Habersham, but he occasionally returns, as old as he is, and smiles as the trains are loaded with granite and throws up his hat when the dynamite booms and scatters the rocks to the four winds of heaven—"like chaff before the wind" is moved this greatest of mountains, and I leave it to the reader to say whether the old man should be cured of his delusion or live and rejoice over God's mysterious ways.

But no matter what has been, the granite fields of DeKalb are greater than gold mines and they have opened up again and give the greater promise of growing on to a fulfillment of the expectations of the grand Scotchman who was first to see their worth, but died before the time.

SARGE PLUNKETT.

## Getting Even.

"Now," said the lawyer who was conducting the cross-examination, according to *Spare Moments*, "will you please state how and where you first met this man?"

"I think," said the lady with the sharp nose, "that it was—"

"Never mind what you think," interrupted the lawyer; "we want facts here. We don't care what you think, and we haven't any time to waste in listening to what you think. Now, please tell us where and when it was that you first met this man?"

"The witness made no reply."

"Come, come," urged the lawyer; "I demand an answer to my question."

"Your Honor," said the lawyer, turning to the court, "I think I am entitled to an answer to the question I have put."

"The witness will please answer the question," said the court in impressive tones.

"Can't," said the lady.

"Why not?"

## Babies From the Sky.

Mr. William Harvey and his sister, Miss Mary, living about six miles east of Richview, Ill., tell a very interesting story of themselves, which happened a number of years ago.

They were quite small, the boy being about 5 and his sister 7 years old. During the year 1858, when the State Fair was being held at Central City, Ill., an aeronaut of Chicago made an ascension in a balloon at the State Fair on Saturday morning, and his balloon came down about six miles east of there, near the country residence of William Harvey, Sr. The owner of the balloon, feeling chilled, went into the farm house to warm and tied his balloon to a rail fence near the barn. Little Willie and Mary were playing near the barn. They noticed the balloon tied to the fence, and as they had never seen a balloon tied to a fence, they went to look at it. Seeing that it would go up a few feet and then back again, they thought it would be great fun to get in the basket and ride. Mary helped her little brother in and then she got in. The balloon went up and down a while; then all at once it gave a lunge and pulled itself loose from the fence. Up and up it went, with the little Harvey children in the basket. The mother was looking out of a window, and seeing the balloon going upwards told the aeronaut that his balloon had got away from the fence, and they all went out to watch it. The mother came, and as she watched the balloon going up she noticed someone in the basket. Not once did she think it was her two little children, nor could she believe it to be her two children when her husband told her the children were nowhere to be found.

A search was made all over the farm for the missing ones, but without result. The father at once drove to Rome, a short distance from his farm, and told the story. At once people followed after the balloon. It went north about five miles, then turned west, going over Central City. Every one at the fair, thinking the aeronaut was making his return, cheered and cheered as the balloon went over. Soon a telegram was received at Central City stating that the balloon contained the two children of Mr. and Mrs. William Harvey and to keep a lookout for it. But it was growing late and the balloon was traveling fast. Soon it was impossible to see it. It went south, passed through Centralia, Ill., then turned west again and went over Mascoutah, Ill., and then turned and went over East St. Louis.

The little boy began to get cold and commenced to cry. Mary untied her apron and put it around Willie's head and he went to sleep in Mary's lap. About 7 o'clock the next morning the balloon came down in a large tree on a farm southeast of Mount Vernon, Ill. The owners of the farm seeing the balloon in their tree the lady of the house cried out to her husband: "Oh, John! God has sent us some children in a basket!" John got the children out of the tree, took them into the house, and after they were warm asked Mary who her parents were. She told them and the farmer took them home.

Many of the visitors to the State Fair in 1858 will remember the above story, and may be pleased to know that the little children who made the trip are now living and delight in telling it.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

## Regulating Marriages.

BISMARCK, N. D., Feb. 26.—A bill to regulate and restrict marriages in North Dakota has passed the State Senate and now goes to the house. The probabilities are in favor of its being defeated. Those opposed to it say that its only effect will be to prevent marriages in this State and drive people who want to marry across the border to get their licenses.

The bill provides, in the first place, for the appointment of a commission of three physicians in each county for the examination of applicants for marriage licenses. This examination is required to be a rigid one in order to show that the applicant is fit, physically and mentally, to enter into the marriage state.

It is further provided that no license to marry can be granted in any county of the State unless the applicant personally presents a certificate from the board of examiners that the couple are entirely free from diseases and ailments which would be apt to manifest themselves in a hereditary way, such as insanity and tuberculosis.

The board of examining physicians is to be appointed by the county judge in each county of the State, and is to be composed of men of good standing in their profession. The members are to meet as a board at least once during each month for the examination of applicants for entrance into the matrimonial state.

If both applicants in a given case are found to be fit for matrimony the board of examiners shall so certify, and then each shall be entitled to a license.

## When Monkeys Played Music.

In the recollections of "Fifty Years With a Menagerie," by the late Dan Rice, published in the February 2d and 9th issues of the *Youth's Companion*, occurs this story:

"It may surprise many persons to learn that monkeys, despite their cleverness, are not enduringly susceptible to the influences of 'higher education,' for infinite is their innate depravity. I found them ready enough to learn, but persistent in refusal to display their knowledge when required to do so by their patient teacher. This peculiar side of monkey nature was forcibly impressed on me when I tried to form an orchestra, or string band, among the simians of my menagerie."

"We were in winter quarters, and as it was my custom to devote my spare time during the cold term to taming and training wild animals for the next season, I had a family of monkeys confined in an apartment adjoining my reading, smoking and music room."

"One morning upon nearing the cottage my ears were greeted by the sound of my 'cello. I paused, wondering what visitor had provoked my rich-toned instrument to such unseemly discord. Then I approached closely, and through a window saw a laughable scene."

"Seated upon a chair, with a smoking cap on his head, spectacles on his nose and meerschaum pipe in his mouth, was Joe, the largest monkey of the menagerie, sawing away at the 'cello with bow in hand. Several of the smaller monkeys were in postures of surprise and delight at Joe's performance. I had omitted to lock the door of the monkey-room, and that accounted for the intrusion on my sanctum."

"Highly entertained, I stood for a time a silent spectator, until seen by a little monkey, who notified its fellows of my presence with a sharp cry. In a twinkling the animals dashed from the room—Joe, minus cap, spectacles and pipe, bringing up the rear and carefully closing the door behind him. Upon entering the house I found all the monkeys safely ensconced in their proper room and looking as innocent as possible, while the old ringleader was snoring and apparently sound asleep. From this occurrence the idea of trying to form an orchestra of monkeys came into my mind, for I well knew that such a troupe, even if it produced anything but melody, would be a strong attraction."

## All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—A fiber of silk one mile long weighs but 12 grains.

Sugar moistened with vinegar is a good cure for hiccough.

—Near Celina, Indiana, Miss Mary Lloyd is dying of spinal meningitis, contracted by kissing the lips of a dead friend.

—A chair which Lincoln had used in his home was sold at auction in New York for \$270 to the Lincoln club, of Chicago.

—The largest sewing machine in the world is in operation in Leeds. It weighs 6,500 pounds, and sews cotton belting.

—Half the time when a woman pretends she is jealous about you it's because she is mad because you aren't jealous about her.

"My wife," said the minister, "often helps me out with my sermons."

"Hum!" said Henry Peck, "my wife preaches all the sermons in our house."

—Old Joe Wheeler shouldn't complain on leaving the army. Two generations of fighting ought to be enough for any 95-pound war horse.

—A Michigan legislator proposes to make liquor drinkers pay a license of \$5 per year for the privilege of drinking.

—Bacon—That woman going on the other side looks as if she knew it all. Egbert—I guess she does; she's been down calling on my wife.

—Little Johnnie Bixby, a three-year-old of Jackson, Mich., swallowed a six-inch brass chain one day last week, and got over it without any pathetic obituary poetry being written about him.

—William F. Richards, of English, Ind., owns a brood sow which dropped a litter of 14 pigs last Monday; the fifth litter in three years, altogether 66 pigs, every one of which was reared.

—A Kentucky farmer slaughtered a sow the other day fourteen years old, which during her maternal career had brought him over ninety pigs, which he sold for \$5 each.

—"I," said the orator, "am an American of the good old stock, root-

—The ramie fiber is tough and wears well. It is said that in China, where it is used for making clothing, it lasts so well that children frequently wear the clothes which their grandparents wore when children.

—"This really pains me, Willie," said the old gentleman, as he picked the boy up and laid him across his knee. "Well," replied the boy resignedly, "at least I've never been fool enough to deliberately hurt myself."

—Judge—"You are accused of stealing six reams of paper, three gallons of ink, and five gross of pens. What have you to say?" Prisoner—"Your honor, I am a novelist, and I was merely collecting material for a new story."

—A guest was shown to a room on the upper floor in a hotel in Memphis. He noticed that the roof evidently leaked, and spoke of the matter to the attendant. "Yes, it leaks," said the latter, "but only when it rains. You'll find an umbrella alongside the washstand."

Rev. E. Edwards, pastor of the English Baptist Church at Minersville, Pa., when suffering with rheumatism, was advised to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. He says: "A few applications of this liniment proved of great service to me. It subdued the inflammation and relieved the pain. Should any sufferer profit by giving Pain Balm a trial it will please me." For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

—John Quier, who died in England recently in his 85th year, spent fifty-five consecutive years of his life in prison, whither he was sent in 1843 for attempted murder. He was found to be mentally irresponsible, and was ordered to be confined during her majesty's pleasure. His death was due to senile decay.

## Foul-Smelling Catarrh.

Catarrh is one of the most obstinate diseases, and hence the most difficult to get rid of.

There is but one way to cure it. The disease is in the blood, and all the sprays, washes and inhaling mixtures in the world can have no permanent effect whatever upon it. Swift's Specific cures Catarrh permanently, for it is the only remedy which can reach the disease and force it from the blood.

Mr. B. P. McAllister, of Harrodsburg, Ky., had Catarrh for years. He writes: "I had seen no improvement whatever, though I was constantly treated with sprays and washes, and different inhaling remedies. I could feel that each winter I was worse than the year previous. 'Fifty Years With a Menagerie' brought to my notice that Catarrh was a blood disease, and after thinking over the matter, I saw it was unreasonable to expect to be cured by remedies which only reached the surface. I then decided to try S. S. S., and after a few bottles were used, I noticed a perceptible improvement. Continuing the remedy, the disease was forced out of my system, and a complete cure was the result. I advise all who have this dreadful disease to abandon their local treatment, which has never done them any good, and take S. S. S., a remedy that can reach the disease and cure it."

To continue the wrong treatment for Catarrh is to continue to suffer. Swift's Specific is a real blood remedy, and cures obstinate, deep-seated diseases, which other remedies have no effect whatever upon. It promptly reaches Catarrh, and never fails to cure even the most aggravated cases.

Books mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

## S.S.S. For the Blood.

is Purely Vegetable, and is the only blood remedy guaranteed to contain no dangerous minerals.

Books mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

## NOTICE.

PIEDMONT, S. C., March 13, 1899  
ALL persons are hereby warned not to trade for two Notes purporting to have been given by me to W. F. Smith & Co. for one hundred and thirty-five dollars, each, on March 10, 1899, purporting to be in part payment of three hundred copies of "Progressive Agriculturist." The said Notes are fraudulent and payment will be refused.

March 15, 1899 J. D. KELLY.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,  
Anderson County.

BY virtue of a Crop Warrant to me directed by J. J. Gilmer, Magistrate, I will sell on Tuesday, the 14th day of April next, about 12 o'clock m., at the residence of James A. Young, near Iva, S. C., the following property, to wit: One lot Corn in shock.  
One lot Fodder, Hay, &c.  
One small lot of Pears.

Sold as the property of J. S. A. Young at the suit of D. C. Brown & Bro.

Terms—Cash.

NELSON R. GREEN,

Sheriff Anderson County, S. C.

March 15, 1899

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,  
ANDERSON COUNTY.

By E. Y. H. Vance, Judge of Probate, WHEREAS, Mary A. Moore was applied to me to grant her Letters of Administration on the Estate and effects of James O. Moore, deceased.

These are therefore to cite and admonish all kindred and creditors of the said James O. Moore, dec'd, to be and appear before me in Court of Probate, to be held at Anderson, S. C., on the 3rd day of April, 1899, after publication hereof, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted. Given under my hand, this 13th day of March, 1899.

By E. Y. H. VANCE, Probate Judge.

March 15, 1899

## NOTICE.

Office Judge of Probate, Anderson, S. C. H., S. C. FROM the records of this office it appears that several Guardians, Executors and Administrators have not made to this office their Annual Return as required by law. For your information and guidance I would call your at-

Don't wear your working apron all the time—it's a sign of poor management. Do all your cleaning with

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and you can change your working clothes for resting clothes early in the day. It saves time, work and worry. Largest package—greatest economy.

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There is but one opinion, and that is that it is the best Plow on earth. Syracuse Plows are designed right, made right, sold right. They will turn land where others have failed, and build for themselves a demand wherever introduced. The popularity of this Plow comes from genuine merit. Competitors will tell you that they have something just as good, but don't be deceived—there is but one best, and that is the SYRACUSE. We also sell the—

# SYRACUSE HARROWS,

And Syracuse Harrows, like Syracuse Plows, are thoroughly Up-to-Date. See us before buying.

Yours truly,

# BROCK BROS

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Condensed Schedule in Effect Oct. 10, 1898.

STATIONS.	Ex. Sun. No. 17.	Daily No. 18.
Lv. Charleston	7 30 a m	7 30 a m
Lv. Columbia	11 05 a m	11 05 a m
" Prosperity	6 10 a m	12 10 p m
" Newberry	6 25 a m	12 25 p m
" Ninety-Six	7 22 a m	1 20 p m
" Greenwood	7 40 a m	1 35 p m
Ar. Abbeville	8 00 a m	2 15 p m
Ar. Belton	8 40 a m	2 45 p m
Ar. Anderson	8 50 a m	3 10 p m
Ar. Greenville	9 35 a m	3 55 p m
Ar. Atlanta	10 10 a m	4 15 p m
Ar. Atlanta	8 35 p m	9 30 p m

STATIONS.

STATIONS.	Ex. Sun. No. 18.	Daily No. 17.
Lv. Greenville	5 30 p m	10 15 a m
" Columbia	6 00 p m	10 40 a m
" Williams	6 22 p m	10 55 a m
Lv. Anderson	4 45 p m	10 45 a m
Lv. Belton	6 45 p m	11 15 a m
Ar. Donalds	7 15 p m	11 40 a m
Lv. Abbeville	6 10 p m	11 20 a m
Lv. Hodges	7 35 p m	11 55 a m
" Greenville	8 00 p m	12 20 p m
" Ninety-Six	8 15 p m	12 35 p m
" Newberry	9 15 p m	2 00 p m
Ar. Prosperity	9 35 p m	2 14 p m
" Columbia	8 30 p m	2 30 p m
Ar. Charleston	6 40 p m	2 40 p m

Daily Daily STATIONS Daily Daily

5 50p 7 30a Lv. Charleston. Ar. 3 30p 1 05a

8 00a 11 05a " Columbia. Lv. 3 30p 1 05a

9 07a 12 10p " Prosperity. Lv. 3 30p 1 05a

10 05a 1 20p " Newberry. Lv. 3 30p 1 05a

10 20a 1 20p " Ninety-Six. Lv. 3 30p 1 05a

10 35a 1 35p " Greenwood. Lv. 3 30p 1 05a

11 00a 2 15p " Abbeville. Lv. 3 30p 1 05a

11 20a 2 45p " Belton. Lv. 3 30p 1 05a

11 40a 3 10p " Anderson. Lv. 3 30p 1 05a

12 00a 3 55p " Greenville. Lv. 3 30p 1 05a

12 10a 4 15p " Atlanta. Lv. 3 30p 1 05a

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SCHEDULE IN EFFECT JULY 1, 1898.

SOUTHBOWN.

No. 403.

Lv New York, via Penn. R. 11 00 a m

Lv Philadelphia, " 1 12 p m

Lv Baltimore, " 3 15 p m

Lv Washington, " 4 40 p m

Lv Richmond, A. C. L. 5 35 p m

Lv Norfolk, via S. A. L. 8 30 a m

Lv Portsmouth, " 8 45 p m

Lv Weldon, " 11 25 p m

Lv Henderson, " 12 56 a m

Ar Durham, " 17 32 a m

Lv Eberton, " 17 32 a m

Ar Raleigh, via S. A. L. 2 16 a m

Ar Sanford, " 3 35 a m

Ar Southern Pines, " 4 25 a m

Ar Wadesboro, " 5 07 a m

Ar Monroe, " 5 35 a m

Ar Wilmington, " 6 43 a m

Ar Charlotte, " 7 50 a m

Ar Chester, " 8 13 a m

Lv Columbia, C. N. & L. R. 9 45 a m

Ar Clinton, S. A. L. 10 31 a m

Ar Abbeville, " 10 31 a m

Ar Eberton, " 12 07 p m

Ar Windsor, " 1 13 p m

Ar Atlanta, S. A. L. (Cen. Time) 2 30 p m

NORTHBOWN.

No. 402.

Lv Atlanta, S. A. L. (Cen. Time) 12 00 p m

Lv Winder, " 2 40 p m

Lv Athens, " 3 13 p m

Lv Eberton, " 4 15 p m

Lv Abbeville, " 5 15 p m

Lv Greenwood, " 5 41 p m

Lv Henderson, " 6 30 p m

Ar Columbia, C. N. & L. R. 8 15 p m

Lv Chester, S. A. L. 8 15 p m

Ar Charlotte, " 10 25 p m

Lv Monroe, " 11 03 p m

Lv Hamlet, " 11 15 p m

Ar Wilmington, " 12 15 p m

Lv Southern Pines, " 12 50 a m

Lv Raleigh, " 1 20 a m

Lv Henderson, " 2 35 a m

Lv Durham, " 3 25 a m

Lv Weldon, " 4 55 a m

Ar Richmond, A. C. L. 5 15 a m

Ar Washington, Penn. R. 12 31 p m

Ar Baltimore, " 1 45 p m

Ar Philadelphia, " 3 50 p m

Ar New York, " 6 30 p m

# BLUE RIDGE RAILROAD.

H. C. BEATTIE Receiver.

Time Table No. 7.—Effective 1898.

Between Anderson and Wallula.

WESTBOUND.

No. 12 STATIONS EASTBOUND.

First Class. First Class.

Daily. Daily.

P. M.—1. ave

3 35p " Anderson. 11 00

3 50p " Denver. 11 40

4 05p " Autun. 10 31

4 15p " Pendleton. 10 22

4 25p " Cherry's Crossing. 10 13

4 47p " Adams' Crossing. 10 07

5 47p " Seneca. 9 49

5 51p " West Union. 9 25

5 57p " Wallula. Lv 9 20

No. 6, Mixed, Daily, Ex-cept Sunday.

No. 5, Mixed, Daily, Ex-cept Sunday.

# ATLANTIC COAST

TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT

WILMINGTON, N. C., to Fast Line between Charleston, Columbia and Upper South Carolina.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE

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No. 52.

Ar St. John, Vice-President and Gen'l. Agent, Portmouth.

Ar New York, Vice-President and Gen'l. Agent, Portmouth.

Ar New York, Vice-President and Gen'l. Agent, Portmouth.